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Walter Peter Page
from his friend
Clem: Sterling Graham

Given by Walter Page's son Nigel
to me.
R R Cadell

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MYSTIFICATIONS.

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MYSTIFICATIONS

Health to the auld wife, and weel mat she be,
That busks her fause rock wi' the lint o' the lee,
Whirling her spindle and twisting the twine,
Wynds aye the richt pirn into the richt line.

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DEDICATION.

Duntrune, April 1859.

MY DEAREST MRS. GILLIES,

To you and the friends who have partaken in these "Mystifications," I dedicate this little volume, trusting, that after a silence of forty years, its echoes may awaken many agreeable memorials of a society that has nearly passed away.

I have been asked if I had no remorse in ridiculing singularities of character, or practising deceptions;—certainly not.

There was no personal ridicule or mimicry of any living creature, but merely the personation or type of a bygone class, that had survived the fashion of its day.

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It was altogether a fanciful existence, developing itself according to circumstances, or for the amusement of a select party, among whom the announcement of a stranger lady, an original, led to no suspicion of deception. No one ever took offence: indeed it generally elicited the finest individual traits of sympathy in the minds of the dupes, especially in the case of Mr. Jeffrey, whose sweet-tempered kindly nature manifested itself throughout the whole of the tiresome interview with the law-loving Lady Pitlyal.

No one enjoyed her eccentricities more than he did, or more readily devised the arrangement of a similar scene for the amusement of our mutual friends.

The cleverest people were the easiest mystified, and when once the deception took place, it mattered not how arrant the nonsense or how exaggerated the costume. Indeed, children and dogs were the only detectives.

I often felt so identified with the character, so charmed with the pleasure manifested by my audience, that it became painful to lay aside the veil, and descend again into the humdrum realities of my own self.

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These personations never lost me a friend; on the contrary, they originated friendships that cease only with life.

The Lady Pitlyal's course is run; she bequeaths to you these reminiscences of beloved friends and pleasant meetings.

And that the blessing of God may descend on "each and all of you," is the fervent prayer of her kinswoman and executrix,

CLEMENTINA STIRLING GRAHAM.

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MYSTIFICATIONS.

VISIT TO MR. JEFFREY.

At the theatre one Saturday evening in the year 1821, Mr. Jeffrey—afterwards Lord Jeffrey—requested me to let him see my *old lady*, and on condition that we should have some one to *take in*, I promised to introduce her to him very soon. Accordingly, on the Monday having ascertained that he was to dine at home, I set out from Lord Gillies's in a coach, accompanied by Miss Helen Carnegy of Craigo, as my daughter, and we stopped at Mr. Jeffrey's door in George Street between five and six o'clock. It was a winter evening; and on the question, "Is Mr. Jeffrey at home?" being answered in the affirmative, the two ladies stepped out, and were ushered into the little parlour, where he received his visitors.

There was a blazing fire and wax-lights on the table; he had laid down his book, and seemed

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to be in the act of joining the ladies in the drawing-room before dinner.

The Lady Pitlyal was announced, and he stepped forward a few paces to receive her.

She was a sedate-looking little woman, of an inquisitive law-loving countenance; a mouth in which not a vestige of a tooth was to be seen, and a pair of old-fashioned spectacles on her nose, that rather obscured a pair of eyes that had not altogether lost their lustre, and that gave to the voice as much of the nasal sound as indicated the age of its possessor to be some years between her grand climacteric and fourscore. She was dressed in an Irish poplin of silver grey, a white Cashmere shawl, a mob cap with a band of thin muslin that fastened it below the chin, and a small black silk bonnet that shaded her eyes from any glare of light.

Her right hand was supported by an antique gold-headed cane, and she leant with the other on the arm of her daughter.

Miss Ogilvy might be somewhere on the wrong side of twenty; how many months or years is of no particular importance. Her figure, of the middle size, was robed in a dress of pale blue, and short enough in the skirt to display a very handsome pair

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of feet and ankles. On her head she wore a white capote, and behind a transparent curtain of pure white blond glanced two eyes of darkest hazel, while ringlets of bright auburn harmonised with the bloom of the rose that glowed upon her cheeks. Her appearance was recherché, and would have been perfectly *lady-like* but for an attempt at style, a mistake which young ladies from the country are very apt to fall into on their first arrival in the metropolis. Mr. Jeffrey bowed and handed the old lady to a comfortable *chaise longue* on one side of the fire, and sat himself down opposite to her on the other. But in his desire to accommodate the old lady, and in his anxiety to be informed of the purport of the visit, he forgot what was due to the young one, and the heiress of the ancient House of Pitlyal was left standing in the middle of the floor.

She helped herself to a chair, however, and sat down beside her mother. She had been educated in somewhat of the severity of the old school, and during the whole of the consultation she neither spoke nor moved a single muscle of her countenance.

"*Well*," said Mr. Jeffrey, as he looked at the old lady, in expectation that she would open the

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subject that had procured him the honour of the visit.

"Weel," replied her ladyship, "I am come to tak a word o' the law frae you.

"My husband, the late Ogilvy of Pitlyal, among other property which he left to me, was a house and a yard at the town-end of Kerriemuir, also a kiln and a malt barn.

"The kiln and the barn were rented by a man they ca'd John Playfair, and John Playfair subset them to anither man they ca'd Willy Cruikshank, and Willy Cruickshank purchased a cargo of damaged lint, and ye widna hinder Willy to dry the lint upon the kiln, and the lint took low and kindled the cupples, and the slates flew aff, and a' the flooring was burnt to the ground, and naething left standin' but the bare wa's.

"Now it was na' insured, and I want to ken wha's to pay the damage, for John Playfair says he has naething *ado wi' it*, and Willy Cruickshank says he has naething *to do it wi'*, and I am determined no to take it off their hand the way it is."

"Has it been in any of the courts?"

"Ou aye, it has been in the Shirra Court of Forfar, and Shirra Duff was a gude man, and he kent

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me, and would ha' gien't in my favour, but that clattering creature Jamie L'Amy cam in, and he gave it against me."

"I have no doubt Mr. L'Amy would give a very fair decision."

"It was na a fair decision when he gae it against me."

"That is what many people think in your circumstances."

"The minister of Blairgowrie is but a fule body, and advised me no to gae to the law."

"I think he gave you a very sensible advice."

"It was onything but that; and mind, if you dinna giet in my favour, I'll no be sair pleased."

Mr. Jeffrey smiled, and said he would not promise to do that, and then inquired if she had any papers.

"Ou aye, I have a great bundle of papers, and I'll come back at any hour you please to appoint, and bring them wi' me."

"It will not be necessary for you to return yourself—you can send them to me."

"And wha would you recommend to me for an agent in the business?"

"That I cannot tell; it is not my province to recommend an agent."

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"Then how will Robert Smith of Balharry do?"

"Very well—very good man indeed; and you may bid him send me the papers."

Meantime her ladyship drew from her pocket a large old-fashioned leather pocket-book with silver clasps, out of which she presented him a letter directed to himself. He did not look into it, but threw it carelessly on the table. She now offered him a pinch of snuff from a massive gold box, and then selected another folded paper from the pocket-book, which she presented to him, saying, "Here is a prophecy that I would like you to look at and explain to me."

He begged to be excused, saying, "I believe your ladyship will find me more skilled in the *law* than the *prophets*."

She entreated him to look at it; and on glancing his eyes over it, he remarked, "that from the words *Tory* and *Whig*, it did not seem to be a very ancient prophecy."

"May be," replied her ladyship; "but it has been long in our family. I copied these lines out of a muckle book, entitled the 'Prophecie of Pitlyal,' just before I came to you, in order to have your opinion on some of the obscure passages of it. And

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you will do me a great favour if you will read it out loud, and I will tell you what I think of it as you go on."

Here, then, with a smile at the oddity of the request, and a mixture of impatience in his manner, he read the following lines, while she interrupted him occasionally to remark upon their meaning.

EXTRACT FROM THE PROPHECIE OF PITLYAL.

"When the crown and the head shall disgrace ane anither,
And the Bishops on the Bench shall gae a' wrang thegither;
When Tory or Whig,
Fills the judge's wig;
When the Lint o' the Mill
Shall reek on the kiln;
O'er the Light of the North,
When the Glamour breaks forth,
And its wild-fire so red
With the daylight is spread;
When woman shrinks not from the ordeal of tryal,
There is triumph and fame to the house of Pitlyal."

(The Light of the North was Mr. Jeffrey,—the Glamour was herself; but we must give the Lady Pitlyal's own interpretation, as she appeared unconscious of the true meaning.)

"We hae seen the crown and the head," she said, "disgrace ane anither no very lang syne, and

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ye may judge whether the Bishops gaed right or wrang on that occasion; and the *Tory* and *Whig* may no be very ancient, and yet never be the less true. Then there is the Lint o' the Miln,—we have witnessed that come to pass; but what the "*Light of the North*" can mean, and the *Glamour*, I canna mak out. The twa hindmost lines seem to me to point at Queen Caroline; and if it had pleased God to spare my son, I might have guessed he would have made a figure on her trial, and have brought 'Triumph and fame to the house of Pitlyal.' I begin, however, to think that the prophecie may be fulfilled in the person of my daughter, for which reason I have brought her to Edinburgh to see and get a gude match for her."

Here Mr. Jeffrey put on a smile half serious half quizzical, and said—

"I suppose it would not be necessary for the gentleman to change his name."

"It would be weel worth his while, sir; she has a very gude estate, and she's a very bonny lassie, and she's equally related baith to Airlie and Strathmore; and a' body in our part of the warld ca's her the 'Rosebud of Pitlyal.'"

Mr. Jeffrey smiled as his eyes met the glance of

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the beautiful flower that was so happily placed before him; but the Rosebud herself returned no sign of intelligence.

A pause in the conversation now ensued, which was interrupted by her ladyship asking Mr. Jeffrey, to tell her where she could procure a set of *fause teeth.*

"*What?*" said he, with an expression of astonishment, while the whole frame of the young lady shook with some internal emotion.

"A set of fause teeth," she repeated, and was again echoed by the interrogation, "*What?*"

A third time she asked the question, and in a more audible key; when he replied with a kind of suppressed laugh, "There is Mr. Nasmyth, north corner of St. Andrew Square, a very good dentist, and there is Mr. Hutchins, corner of Hanover and George Street."

She requested he would give her their names on a slip of paper. He rose and walked to the table, wrote down both the directions, which he folded and presented to her.

She now rose to take leave. The bell was rung, and when the servant entered, his master desired him to see if the Lady Pitlyal's carriage was at the door.

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He returned to tell there was no carriage waiting, on which her ladyship remarked, "This comes of *fore-hand payments*—they make *hint-hand wark.* I gae a hackney coachman twa shillings to bring me here, and he's awa' without me."

There was not a coach within sight, and another had to be sent for from a distant stand of coaches. It was by this time past the hour of dinner, and there seemed no hope of being rid of his visitors.

Her ladyship said she was in no hurry, as they had had tea, and were going to the play, and hoped he would accompany them. He said he had not yet had his dinner.

"What is the play to-night?" said she.

"It is the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian,' again, I believe."

They then talked of the merits of the actors, and she took occasion to tell him that she patronised the "Edinburgh Review."

"We read your buke, sir!"

"I am certainly very much obliged to you."

Still no carriage was heard. Another silence ensued, until it bethought her ladyship to amuse him with the politics of the country.

"We burnt the King's effigy at Blairgowrie."

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"That was bold," he replied.

"And a pair of dainty muckle horns we gae him."

"Not very complimentary to the Queen, I should think."

Here the coach was announced, and by the help of her daughter's arm and her gold-headed cane, she began to move, complaining loudly of a *corny tae.* She was with difficulty got into the coach. The Rosebud stepped lightly after her.

The door was closed, and the order given to drive to Gibb's Hotel, whence they hastened with all speed to Lord Gillies's, where the party waited dinner for them, and hailed the fulfilment of the "Prophecie of Pitlyal."

Mr. Jeffrey, in the meantime, impatient for his dinner, joined the ladies in the drawing-room.

"What in the world has detained you?" said Mrs. Jeffrey.

"One of the most tiresome and oddest old women I ever met with. I thought never to have got rid of her;" and beginning to relate some of the conversation that had taken place, it flashed upon him at once that he had been *taken in.*

He ran down stairs for the letter, hoping it would

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throw some light upon the subject, but it was only a blank sheet of paper, containing a fee of three guineas.

They amused themselves with the relation; but it was not until the day after that he found out from his valued friend Mrs. George Russell who the ladies really were. He laughed heartily, and promised to aid them in any other scene they liked to devise, and he returned the fee with the following letter:—

Letter from Mr. Jeffrey to the Lady Pitlyal, returning the fee of three guineas.

"Dear Madam—As I understand that the lawsuit about the Malt Kiln is likely to be settled out of Court, I must be permitted to return the fee by which you were pleased to engage my services for that interesting discussion; and hope I shall not be quoted along with the hackney coachman in proof of the danger of *forehand payments*. I hope the dentists have not disgraced my recommendation, and that Miss Ogilvy is likely to fulfil the prophecy, and bring glory and fame to the house of Pitlyal; though I am not a little mortified at having been allowed to see so little of that amiable young lady.

"With best wishes for the speedy cure of your corns, I have the honour to be, dear madam, your very faithful and obedient servant,

"F. Jeffrey.

"92 George Street,
21st April 1821."

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SOIREE AT MR. RUSSELL'S.

It was arranged that there should be an evening party at Mrs. Russell's in honour of the Lady Pitlyal, before the wildfire should have time to spread, in order to give the benefit of an introduction to a few more of the Whig friends. The soirée was accordingly fixed for the Wednesday. We dined at John Clerk's (Lord Eldin's), where were several members of the supper party; and Mr. William Clerk took occasion to inform Miss Dalzell that the lady opposite had a talent for personating character. Mrs. Gillies and I took our departure soon after nine, as we had to stop in York Place to arrange the toilette of the Lady Pitlyal. Her Ladyship's dress this evening was abundantly conspicuous, and in the fashion of forty or fifty years back. It consisted of a gown of rich ponçeau satin, open in front, and drawn up like the festoon of a window curtain behind; a long and taper waist, black satin petticoat embroidered with roses of chenille, a muslin

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apron trimmed with lace, a black lace Teresa, and a stomacher fastened in front with diamond rosettes, a point cap and a green shade, with a veil, and spectacles to protect her eyes. On her feet a pair of embroidered shoes with high heels and large silver buckles.

Miss Helen Carnegy declined personating the heiress any longer, so it was agreed that the Rosebud should be engaged to a ball at our friend Mr. Baron Clerk's.

We were announced and welcomed by Mrs. Russell, and very soon the Lady Pitlyal became the lion of the evening. Ladies and gentlemen crowded round her. Mr. Jeffrey made his bow, and entered into conversation about the law plea, and expressed disappointment at not having the pleasure of meeting Miss Ogilvy.

Mrs. Simpson of Ogil alluded to their estates being contiguous, spoke of her family, and promised to bring them all to pay a visit at Pitlyal. Lord Gillies was reminded of the time when he was an *ill prettie laddie*, and of breaking the *lozens* of one of her windows, and Mr. Pillans inquired about the state of the roads. Mr. Russell asked if Prince Charles skulked about Pitlyal? "Ou aye," she replied, "he span with the

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lasses." He wondered if George the Fourth span with the lasses? As to that she didna ken, but she thought he had managed to spin a ravelled hasp till himsel.

When Hamilton of Holmhead was presented to her, she accused him of corrupting Lord Newton, who was a sober and a peaceable man till he fell in wi' him; and she upbraided him for taking him to dine with Mr. Millar of Ballumbie when he was engaged to be at Pitlyal. He said he never prevented him dining at Pitlyal. She asked if he remembered meeting her at Ballumbie; to which he answered, no; yet he remembered not only the party, but he could tell every dish that was upon the table, and one of them was the best shoulder of mutton he ever saw, and, turning to Lord Gillies, he whispered, "surely the auld wife's telling a lee."

Miss Cathcart, Miss Kennedy, Mr. Rutherfurd,—afterwards Lord Advocate and Lord Rutherfurd,—and others, were all presented to her in due form. And when supper was announced, Lord Gillies gave her his arm down stairs.

Mr. William Clerk offered his to Mrs. Gillies, that he might enquire the weight and qualifications of the heiress, and that they might get a seat near

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the old lady. He said he had fancied on his first entering the room that it was some one *dressed up*, but he now saw she was a very original person, and he wished to get acquainted with her. Mrs. Gillies told him the young lady had reddish hair, but he assured her that was no objection to him, for he had no dislike to red hair.

She alluded again to some stories of Lord Gillies' boyhood, and told him she had ploughed up the *Capernaum Park*, which he recollected to have been fine old grass.

Mr. Jeffrey now enquired what the people in her part of the country thought of the trial of the Queen. She could not tell him, but she would say what she herself had remarked on siclike proceedings: "Tak' a wreath of snaw, let it be never. so white, and wash it through clean water, it will no come out so pure as it gaed in, far less the dirty dubs the poor Queen has been drawn through."

Mr. Russell inquired if she possessed any relics of Prince Charles from the time he used to spin with the lasses:—

"Yes," she said, "I have a *flech* that loupit aff him upon my aunty, the Lady Brax, when she was helping him on wi' his short gown; my aunty rowed

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it up in a sheet of white paper, and she keepit it in the tea canister, and she ca'd it aye the King's Flech, and the Laird, honest man, when he wanted a cup of gude tea, sought aye a cup of the *Prince's mixture.*" This produced peals of laughter, and her Ladyship laughed as heartily as any of them. When somewhat composed again, she looked across the table to Mr. Clerk, and offered to let him see it. "It is now set on the pivot of my watch, and a' the warks gae round the *flech* in place of turning on a diamond."

Lord Gillies thought this flight would certainly betray her, and remarked to Mr. Clerk that the flea must be painted on the watch, but Mr. Clerk said he had known of relics being kept of the Prince quite as extraordinary as a flea; that Mr. Murray of Simprim had a pocket handkerchief in which Prince Charles had blown his nose.

The Lady Pitlyal said her daughter did not value these things, and that she was resolved to leave it as a legacy to the Antiquarian Society.

Holmehead was rather amused with her originality, though he had not forgotten the attack. He said he would try if she was a real Jacobite, and he called out, "Madam, I am going to propose a toast for ye!

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"May the Scotch Thistle choke the Hanoverian Horse."

"I wish I binna among the Whigs," she said.

"And whare wad ye be sae weel" retorted he.

"They murdered Dundee's son at Glasgow."

"There was nae great skaith," he replied; "but ye maun drink my toast in a glass of this cauld punch, if ye be a true Jacobite."

"Aweel, aweel," said the Lady Pitlyal; "as my auld friend Lady Christian Bruce was wont to say "The best way to get the better of temptation is just to yield to it;'" and as she nodded to the toast and emptied the glass, Holmhead swore exultingly—"*Faith, she's true!*"

Supper passed over, and the carriages were announced. The Lady Pitlyal took her leave with Mrs. Gillies.

Next day the town rang with the heiress of Pitlyal. Mr. W. Clerk said he had never met with such an extraordinary old lady, "for not only is she amusing herself, but my brother John is like to expire, when I relate her stories at second hand."

He talked of nothing else for a week after, but the heiress, and the flea, and the rent-roll, and the

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old turreted house of Pitlyal, till at last his friends thought it would be right to undeceive him; but that was not so easily done, for when the Lord Chief Commissioner Adam hinted that it might be Miss Stirling, he said that was impossible, for Miss Stirling was sitting by the old lady the whole of the evening.

CRAIGIE.

I WAS staying at Craigie with a very pleasant party, and one day after dinner, the Misses Guthrie proposed that I should *take in* their father and mother.

Accordingly, a letter was written to the laird from his friend Mr. Dempster of Dunnichen, to announce the visit of an old acquaintance of his—a Mrs. Macallister from Elgin, who was on her way to Edinburgh as a witness in Lord Fife's cause. She had been staying some days at Dunnichen, and he was induced to give her a billet on the well-known hospitality of Craigie, because she was very amusing, a great traveller, and was somewhat of an

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oddity. He thought his friend would be diverted with her, and hoped, for his sake, he would pay her all the attention in his power.

A horse was harnessed into an old caravan, and it was driven up to the door with a great noise, the door-bell rang, and the letter was sent in.

The laird glanced it over.

"Where is the lady?" he said; and the servant replied, "She was in her carriage at the door."

He started up in great haste, and went out to receive her.

"God bless me, Mrs. Macallister," he said, "are you standing in the hall?" and he offered his arm to lead her into the drawing-room.

From the name and the object of the journey to Edinburgh, the representation was to have been that of a Highland lady, not of the very first grade of society — but the unexpected appearance of Mr. Guthrie on the very threshold, the sight of the fine old man, with his handsome countenance, his courtly bearing, and refined manners, and with all the formality and politeness of the old school, caused a total revolution in my personation. And Mrs. Macallister found herself all at once transposed into a very stiff old lady, *speaking English*, and her

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manner and deportment nearly on a level with that of the laird himself.

Leaning on the arm of Mr. Guthrie, she was ushered into the drawing-room, and he presented her in due form to Mrs. Guthrie and every one of the assembled party.

A titter went round among those who were in the secret; and in order to regain the composure I had nearly lost, Mrs. Macallister was reduced to have recourse to a spasmodic pain in the side, in order to account for the shaking which the suppressed fit of laughter occasioned to her whole frame.

Mrs. Guthrie called for wine and other cordials, but Mrs. Macallister preferred the refreshment of a cup of coffee.

Still the laughing continued, and became the more irresistible to some of the party, by the very serious aspect of Sir William Wiseman, who remonstrated on the impropriety of ridiculing an old person, even allowing her to be a little outré in her dress. And it was indeed sufficiently outré. A silk gown of flowered brocade, rich and stiff enough to have stood alone, had there been nobody in it, and a most incongruous amalgamation of the ancient and the modern, in the other articles of her apparel.

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The laird's equanimity was unshaken; he spoke of his friend Mr. Dempster and the probable issue of the Fife cause, and the unrelaxing politeness and gravity of his manner by degrees produced a state of calm.

He gave orders that Mrs. Macallister's horses should be well cared for, and remarked to Mrs. Guthrie that something must be wrong in his establishment, for when he went to the door to hand Mrs. Macallister out of her carriage he found her standing in the hall, and an old caravan with one horse at the door.

Mrs. Macallister explained that her carriage had broken down by the way from the state of the roads, and she was obliged to remain some hours at a place called Four-Mile House until even this conveyance could be procured; that she and her waiting-woman had been nearly knocked to pieces, and that this was the cause of the spasms and pain in her side.

Music and dancing were now proposed. The laird and Mrs. Macallister went through a few steps of the minuet de la cour; Mrs. Warren and Sir William sat down to écarté. Some took up their work, and Lady Wiseman twisted a shawl round her head and performed some of the attitudes and songs of the

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Hindoo singing girls for the amusement of the party; while the laird enjoyed a tête-à-tête at the fireside with his new friend.

She told him she had met a gentleman of his name in London, who was partner in a mercantile house with Mr. Chalmers of Auldbar.

"That is my son Charles," said the laird.

"Another Mr. Guthrie I was introduced to at Gow's ball in Edinburgh,—a very facetious young gentleman. He had paid me a great many compliments, and after leading me round the room and introducing me to some of his acquaintance, he called aloud to the music to play 'Such a pair was never seen.'"

Here the laird laughed *con amore*, and cried out, "That is my son Sandy!"

Supper was now announced in the dining-room; the laird offered his arm to Mrs. Macallister, and placed her beside himself at table.

She now fell in fancy with his snuff-box, and offered to exchange with him, but he excused himself, saying, it was a keepsake from a deceased and valued friend, one whom Mrs. Macallister had perhaps heard of, the late Mr. Graham of Duntrune. She said she had known him, and esteemed him, and

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that very circumstance made her the more desirous to obtain it,—it would be a memorandum of them both. The one she would give him was a very valuable one. It was the gift of an Indian chief to her late husband, Doctor Macallister, for an extraordinary cure he had performed on one of his children. Then, turning to Lady Wiseman, "You must have met with Dr. Macallister at Bombay. He was engaged in the compilation of a dictionary of the Gaelic language, which he did not live to finish." Lady Wiseman did not recollect.

She returned to the charge of the snuff-box by placing her own very valuable gold one on the table, and putting the keepsake of the late Mr. Graham of Duntrune in her pocket.

The laird was annoyed beyond measure; but, too polite to express what he felt, he sat still in silent astonishment.

Mrs. Guthrie inquired if she had any family? "Four sons," was the answer. The eldest was high up in the India service. Sir William set about recollecting him, and inquired, "On what establishment?"

"Your second son?" said Mrs. Guthrie.

"Is a sailor, and very promising; and my third,

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a charming young man, is making a tour on the continent."

Here Mrs. Macallister displayed a wish to change the subject, but the curiosity of Sir William was not satisfied until he said, "And where is your youngest son, Mrs. Macallister?"

It was no easy matter to account for so many "grown gentlemen."

"My youngest son is —— God knows where," and here she was seized with an involuntary laugh, and again had recourse to the spasmodic pain, while the simple and kind-hearted Sir William, upbraiding himself for so heedlessly touching such a tender chord, covered his face with his handkerchief and wept.

At eleven o'clock Miss Guthrie offered to light Mrs. Macallister to her room, but she waved aside the proffered arm, and told the laird that Mr. Dempster had always conducted her to the door of her apartment himself, kissed her when he bade goodnight, and assured her that his good friend Craigie would not be behind him in point of gallantry.

The laird accordingly held out his arm, led her up stairs, and, at the door of her chamber, when she took off her bonnet to conclude the scene, as the

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well-known features met his eyes, he stood for some seconds transfixed to the spot. Then suddenly relaxing from his formality, he laughed till the tears came into his eyes, and the first words he spoke were, "Now, Clemy, give me back my snuff-box."

ANOTHER evening, when Lady Hunter and her daughter (now Mrs. Basil Hall) were there, the laird expressed a fancy to give them a benefit of the same kind that had been productive of so much pleasure to himself. A letter was therefore composed and delivered to him, just as the tablecloth was removed after dinner.

He looked at the direction, and examined the seal in a manner that proved him to be a most excellent actor. "An earl's coronet," he said in an audible whisper, and then looking over its contents, read aloud a letter from Lord Northesk, purporting that the Lady Catherine Howard had come down to Scotland for the express purpose of visiting the scenes and illustrating some of Sir Walter Scott's novels; that she had been paying a visit at Ethie, whence he had carried her to the Red Head,

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and shewn her the Auchmitty fishers. He now begged leave to introduce her at Craigie, and requested his friend Mr. Guthrie would give her all the information in his power respecting "the Antiquary," whom she had been told by Sir Walter himself was a Mr. George Constable, of a place called the Wallace, somewhere near Dundee.

The letter was handed round and severally commented on, and Lady Catherine Howard was expected to follow her *avant courier* in the course of an hour.

Soon after the ladies returned to the drawing-room, the noise of carriage wheels and a loud knock at the door announced the arrival of the distinguished stranger.

Mr. Guthrie, delighted with the part he had to play, hastened to hand her ladyship from her carriage. He joined me in the next room, but I was waiting for an apron to complete the costume of Lady Catherine Howard. No apron was to be found, nor anything in the shape of one, and here was a dilemma which could not easily be got over, as the dress was altogether incomplete without one.

A net frock, however, lay on the table, round the skirt of which Miss Hunter had been working a lace pattern for her friend Miss Rose Guthrie. Lady

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Catherine fearlessly tied it round her waist, and, leaning on the arm of Mr. Guthrie, walked into the drawing-room.

There she was presented to the circle, but most particularly to Lady Hunter, with whom she fell into a very interesting conversation about Spain, which they had both visited; indeed Lady Hunter had lived there for years.

Many names were mentioned well known to each other, both abroad and at home; they became friends as if they had been linked together for years, while the laird now and then chimed in the name of his friend Lord Lansdowne, his son the late Lord, and asked some information concerning the lineage of Norfolk and Suffolk, and the blood of the Howards. They played a rubber, and there was music, but Lady Catherine reserved her praise till Miss Hunter sat down to the instrument.

The young ladies' work was commented on, and after various observations she held up the corner of her apron, saying it was the work of Lady Elizabeth Carnegie, which had been finished and presented to her during her visit to Ethie.

Miss Hunter looked at it, and remarked that it was the same pattern of the one she was working for

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Miss Rose Guthrie, and " See Rose," she added, " there is a joining across that leaf exactly like the one I am doing for you,—is not that very curious?"

Lady Catherine spoke of the object which had induced her to come to Scotland, and Lady Hunter said she would give her an introduction to Sir James Hall of Dunglas, on whose property lies the scene of Ravensworth in " the Bride of Lammermoor." And she added, " There are many very interesting scenes in and about Edinburgh, which are well worth visiting. I will give your ladyship a letter to my brother Sir William Arbuthnot, present Lord Provost of Edinburgh, who will be happy to shew you everything that is to be seen.

The supper tray was brought in with some warm dishes; and laying aside her bonnet to eat the wing of a roast chicken, the vision of Lady Catherine Howard vanished as if by magic.

Lady Hunter gazed for a moment as if a spirit had passed before her, started from her chair, then rushed forward with open arms, kissed and embraced the humble individual who filled her chair.

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ANOTHER evening Miss Guthrie requested me to introduce my old lady to Captain Alexander Lindsay, a son of the late Laird of Kinblethmont, and brother to the present Mr. Lindsay Carnegie, and Mr. Sandford, the late Sir Daniel Sandford.

She came as a Mrs. Ramsay Speldin, an old sweetheart of the laird's, and was welcomed by Mrs. Guthrie as a friend of the family. The young people hailed her as a perfectly delightful old lady, and an original of the pure Scottish character, and to the laird she was endeared by a thousand pleasing recollections.

He placed her beside himself on the sofa, and they talked of the days gone by—before the green parks of Craigie were redeemed from the muir of Gotterston, and ere there was a tree planted between the auld house of Craigie and the castle of Claypotts.

She spoke of the "gude auld times, when the laird of Fintry widna gie his youngest dochter to Abercairney, but tell'd him to tak them as God had gien them to him, or want."

"And do you mind," she continued, "the grand ploys we had at the Middleton; and hoo Mrs. Scott of Gilhorn used to grind lilts out o' an auld kist to wauken her visitors i' the mornin'."

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"And some o' them didna like it sair, tho' nane o' them had courage to tell her sae, but Anny Graham o' Duntrune.

"'Lord forgie ye,' said Mrs. Scott, 'ye'll no gae to Heaven, if ye dinna like music;' but Anny was never at a loss for an answer, and she said, 'Mrs. Scott—Heaven's no the place I tak it to be, if there be auld wives in't playing on hand-organs.'"

Many a story did Mrs. Ramsay tell. The party drew their chairs close to the sofa, and many a joke she related till the room rung again with the merriment, and the laird, in ecstacy, caught her round the waist, exclaiming, "Oh! ye are a canty wifie."

The strangers seemed to think so too; they absolutely hung upon her, and she danced reels, first with the one, and then with the other, till the entrance of a servant with the newspapers produced a seasonable calm.

They lay, however, untouched upon the table till Mrs. Ramsay requested some one to read over the claims that were putting in for the king's coronation, and see if there was any mention of hers.

"What is your claim?" said Mr. Sandford.

"To pyke the king's teeth," was the reply.

"You will think it very singular," said Mr.

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Guthrie, "that I never heard of it before; will you tell us how it originated?"

"It was in the time of James the First," said she. "That monarch cam to pay a visit to the monks of Arbroath, and they brought him to Ferryden to eat a fish dinner at the house of ane o' my forefathers. The family name, ye ken, was Speldin, and the dried fish was ca'd after them.

"The king was well satisfied wi' a'thing that was done to honour him. He was a very polished prince, and when he had eaten his dinner he turned round to the lady and sought a preen to pyke his teeth.

"And the lady, she took a fish bane and wipit it, and gae it to the king; and after he had cleaned his teeth wi' it, he said, 'They're weel pykit.'

"And henceforth," continued he, "the Speldins of Ferryden shall pyke the king's teeth at the coronation. And it shall be done wi' a fish bone, and a pearl out o' the Southesk on the end of it. And their crest shall be a lion's head wi' the teeth displayed, and the motto shall be *weel pykit.*"

Mr. Sandford read over the claims, but there was no notice given of the Speldins.

"We maun just hae patience," said Mrs. Ram-

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say, "and nae doubt it will appear in the next newspaper."

Some one inquired who was the present representative?

"It's me," replied Mrs. Ramsay Speldin; "and I mean to perform the office mysel. The estate wad hae been mine too, had it existed; but Neptune, ye ken, is an ill neighbour, and the sea has washed it a' awa but a sand bunker or twa, and the house I bide in at Ferryden."

At supper every one was eager to have a seat near Mrs. Ramsay Speldin. She had a universal acquaintance, and she even knew Mr. Sandford's mother, when he told her that her name was Catherine Douglas. Mr. Sandford had in his own mind composed a letter to Sir Walter Scott, which was to have been written and despatched on the morrow, giving an account of this fine specimen of the true Scottish character whom he had met in the county of Angus.

We meant to carry on the deception next morning, but the laird was too happy for concealment. Before the door closed on the goodnight of the ladies, he had disclosed the secret, and before we reached the top of the stairs, the gentlemen were scampering at our heels like a pack of hounds in full cry.

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TULLIALLAN.

I went with Lord Gillies and Mrs. Gillies to spend the Christmas holidays at Tulliallan. We met Admiral and Mrs. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Keay of Snaigo, Mr. John Murray, afterwards Lord Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Russell, Mr. Thomas Thomson, etc.—a very pleasant party.

Lady Keith wished me to *take in* Count Flahault, but no feasible means could be devised till one day that a robbery had been committed in the neighbourhood. Two boys were accused, named John Murray and Alexander Jamieson; the former had escaped, but the other was taken up, and brought to be examined before the Justices of the Peace assembled at the castle.

It was suggested that I should come in the form of the mother of one of these lads. Accordingly, a costume was borrowed from the dairymaid, and I was speedily transformed into the character of Mrs. Jamieson, who desired to speak with some of the gentlemen that were taking the precognition.

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I cannot say that I felt altogether comfortable when I was ushered into an apartment among a motley group of witnesses, and was desired to wait until I was called up stairs; but Lady Keith arranged that I should not have long to wait, and desired the servant to bring Mrs. Jamieson into the corridor. The drawing-rooms opened to it, and the doors being left open, the party within could hear all that passed.

Count Flahault and Admiral Fleming came from the justice-room, and the latter demanded in an angry tone, "What is your business?"

"I am the mither of Alexander Jamieson, and am come to see if you will let off my son."

"The devil you are," said the Admiral; "your son is a young thief, and deserves to be hanged."

"I winna say."

"Because you know very well that you have brought him very ill up, and I suppose you encourage him to steal for you."

"God forgie ye," said Mrs. Jamieson; it's the like o' you that hae ruined him. He was a gude weel-living lad afore ye sent him to Bridewell."

"What," said Count Flahault, "has your son been in Bridewell?"

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No answer.

"I say," said the Count, "has your son been in Bridewell?"

Still no answer.

The Count then repeated slowly and distinctly,—

"Has your son ever been in Bridewell?"

"Yes."

"For what was he sent to Bridewell?"

"For nae great affair."

"Tell instantly;" said the Admiral, "for what he was sent to Bridewell?"

"For nae ither thing, but just because he whuppit a shawl off a stand, and gi'd it till's sweetheart."

"Aye," said the Admiral, "and pray, how long has your son been in Bridewell?—speak out."

"Sax weeks, and he cam' out a great deal waur than he gaed in."

"I have not the smallest doubt of that," said the Admiral; "I believe you speak the truth now"—and returning to the justice-room, he taxed the boy with having been in Bridewell, and received an answer in the affirmative.

The Count then asked what brought her? "I

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am come to mak ye an offer," replied the persevering Mrs. Jamieson.

"What kind of an offer?" said the Count, with a smile between compassion and contempt.

"I ken," said Mrs. Jamieson, "you would like very weel to get a haud o' John Murray, and if ye'll let off my son, I'se engage to get John Murray to you this very night."

"So you know where John Murray is, do you?" and he went back to the justice-room to relate the further particulars.

Lady Keith by this time became fearful of mixing up the false witness with the true, and calling to the Count, she said, "For God's sake Charles, give that poor woman half-a-crown, and send her away. I cannot bear to see her standing there."

The Count desired the weeping Mrs. Jamieson to go home—an order which she very slowly set about obeying—hesitating and turning round to plead her cause every now and then.

The Count, however, was resolute, and gently laying a hand on each shoulder, he marched her before him, and opening the outer-door, he put half-a-crown into her hand, and pushed her out, she in the meantime upbraiding him with having the heart

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of Pharaoh, that could turn a poor woman to the door in sic a night.

The Count was delighted with the dénouement; but upbraided Lady Keith with hurrying on the conclusion.

"Why did you not let me be more taken in?" he said, "and why did Mrs. Jamieson conclude the scene so soon?"

"She shall be brought back again," he said, "and we shall have a little fun with Keay."

After dinner, therefore, Mrs. Jamieson's return was announced. She was ordered to the dining-room door, and Mr. Keay was appointed to hear her statement.

She detailed, in the most pathetic terms, how Sandy Jamieson was the support of her old age, and that she came to petition for his being released.

Mr. Keay endeavoured to soothe her, spoke kindly, bade her be comforted, assured her that her son would be taken care of as far as he was concerned, but that he could not release him.

"I ken weel what kind o' care ye will tak o' him," she said.

"What do you mean, my good woman," returned Mr. Keay.

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"I ken," said Mrs. Jamieson, "you're gaen to mak a ploy o' hangin him the nicht, and ye've got Edinburgh judges in the house, and I saw them scrapin a tree as I cam up the gait;" and she wept bitterly, and her grief became clamorous, and she would not move until she should see her son.

Mr. Keay recollected having seen two of the foresters in the morning rubbing the lichens off some old oaks on the lawn; but it was impossible to convince Mrs. Jamieson that it could be for any other purpose but that of preparing a gallows for her son. He returned to the dining-room to communicate to the party the state she was in, and the delusion under which she laboured.

"Give her half-a-crown, Keay," said the Count; "and do you, Admiral, give her as much, and she'll go home."

"I would see her hanged first," replied the Admiral; but Mr. Keay returned to the comfort of the distressed, and taking her kindly by the hand, slipped half a crown into it.

"What is that," said she, throwing down the money; "it is the price of blood, and it shall never be said that Janet Jamieson sell'd her bairn's blood for half-a-crown."

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"You mistake, my good woman," said Mr. Keay, "it is not the price of blood. I assure you your son is quite safe; he is gone to Culross in a cart."

"To Culross in a cart!" shrieked Mrs. Jamieson. "I winna stir from this house till ye bring him back again."

Mr. Keay's patience was now exhausted, and the more especially when he heard shouts of merriment from the dining-room. "If you don't speedily take yourself off, you will be turned out. Better, therefore, take the half-crown, and trust me there will no harm happen to your son to-night;" saying which, he returned into the dining-room, and shut the door upon the distressed mother.

By the time the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room, a hole had been drilled through each of the half-crowns, and they were suspended round the neck of their new proprietor.

Some months afterwards I happened to go with some strangers to see the new jail in Edinburgh. The prisoners were amusing themselves in their airing ground.

"That," said the jailor, pointing to a young man, "is the most hardened and incorrigible offender we have." I inquired his name, and he said it was John Murray.

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RAITH.

From Tulliallan we removed to Raith, to bring in the new year. A very brilliant party was assembled. The gentlemen enjoyed the pleasures of the battue in the mornings, and we sat down to dinner, upwards of twenty every day.

The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, Sir Ronald and Miss Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ferguson, now Sir Henry and Lady Davie, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Angelo Taylor, Lord Gillies and Mrs. Gillies, Mr. and Mrs. Russell, the Marquis of Tweeddale and his brothers, Lords John and Thomas Hay, Lord Maitland, the present Lord Lauderdale, and the Honourable Captain Maitland, Count Flahault, Lord Duncan, the present Lord Camperdown, Mr. John Murray, and though last, not least, the Honourable John Elliot, the very life and soul of the party. He was the universal favourite, and was altogether a delightful person, full of anecdote, and a mimic of the first water.

Sir Ronald gave us personations of a certain

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Provost, and Mr. Murray gave specimens of all the Judges on the bench; and after we had been some days together, Mr. Ferguson announced the expectation of a visit of the Lady Pitlyal, and expressed his regret that I was engaged to a ball at Lord Rosslyn's.

Her ladyship arrived just as dinner was announced, having remained in Kirkcaldy by the advice of her coachman till after dark, "as he said there was a great gathering of thoughtless young men at Raith, and there was to be a battle wi' the Ephesians, and he thought we had better keep out o' harm's way."

Lord Gillies offered his arm to the dining-room, and placed her at table between himself and Mr. Elliot.

She expressed great disappointment in not finding Lord Lauderdale of the party. "I understood he was to be at Raith," she said, "and I wanted to consult him on a piece of business of great importance both to myself and the nation."

Mr. Elliot pressed her to take Maraschino, till Lord Gillies was obliged to tell him he knew the Lady Pitlyal was a very abstemious person, and that she never took anything but a glass of wine at

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dinner. She spoke to him of the estate of Melgund, and of its having been the residence of Cardinal Bethune.

He believed it was rather a good place, and inquired if she knew it well.

She said she kenned a' the land thereabout, frae the south side of Seidlaw to the north o' the Grampians; and she told him how a living lobster had fallen out of a cadger's creel up about the parish of Lintrathen, and how a highlandman had picked it up and carried it to the minister, and how the minister put on his spectacles to see what kind of a beast it was, and after lang examination, and mony a reference to the bible, he pronounced it to be either an *elephant* or a *turtle-dove.*

Mr. Elliot in his turn related how a seafaring friend of his, in giving an order for provisioning the ship, said, "I am resolved to have a *cow*, *for I am very fond of new-laid eggs.*"

He then told her that a young lady had taken his purse the night before, and he would refer to the Lady Pitlyal what punishment should be awarded.

She said she would give the same judgment that the Bellman of Arbroath did on a like occasion, when he happened to be the finder of it himsel'—

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"John Elliot's lost his purse,
And his money, which is worse;
Them that's found it let them keep it,
Them that's tint it, let them seek it."

When dinner was removed, and the domestics were withdrawn, she recurred again to her regret at missing Lord Lauderdale, as it was of great consequence to her to have her bill brought in this session.

Mr. Ferguson begged to know the nature of the bill, as some of the party present might perhaps be of use to her.

She said it concerned a charter which had lately been discovered in the garret of Pitlyal; it was a grant from James the Fifth, that the leeches of the loch of Pitlyal should become a monopoly; and she wished Lord Lauderdale to bring in a bill obliging the king and all the heads of the nation to use the Pitlyal leeches.

Lord Tweeddale said he would be happy to lay it before the Peers, and Sir Ronald was sure his friend Mr. Taylor would bring it into the House of Commons.

Lord Gillies begged she would explain the origin of the charter.

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She said the king was on a hunting party in Strathmore, and he was thrown from his horse and ta'en up for dead; that leeches were got from the loch of Pitlyal and applied to his head, and he recovered; and when he cam till himsel', he speered at some o' the bystanders what like his head was, and the gudeman of that place said there was a muckle clour upon't. "*Muckle clour*," says the king; "henceforth this place shall be ca'd Muckle Clour, and the land, gudeman, shall be your ain."

"The place was since sell'd to an ancestor of Lady Keith's; it is now ca'd Meikleour, ye ken Count, and the king said, "ye shall bear the leeches on your shield, and I bind myself and my subjects to make use of them in need."

"The richt o' the leeches was na' disposed o' when Mickleclour was sold; but for mair than a century the charter has been amissing, and leeches have been ta'en out o' ither lochs, and great quantities have been brought over from Holland; and now it will na' be an easy thing to bring back the monopoly."

Mr. Taylor was doubtful how such a thing could be done; nor could he distinctly see by what right she could expect it.

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Mr. Russell thought it might be a right of the same kind that secures thirlage to a mill.

Lord Duncan interrupted the subject of right by stating that he had many times been at Pitlyal, and had heard her ladyship speak a great deal about the loch leeches, but he would like just to be informed how she had been in the practice of catching them.

"Oh Robert, Robert!" replied her ladyship reproachfully, "mony ane speers the road they ken. I've seen you aftner than ance wade into the water and come out wi' them sticking on your legs."

The cause was triumphant; his lordship was fairly cheered into his recollection, but Mr. Taylor could not be made to understand it, and no one could assume sufficient gravity to explain.

As soon as a hearing could be obtained, Count Flahault inquired after the health of the Rosebud.

"She's very weel, and shortly to be married," replied her ladyship.

"To whom, may I beg leave to ask?"

"To the Prince of Monaco."

"A friend of mine," said the Count; but the name was not familiar to any of the rest of the party.

"I'll gie ye a Scotch mark," she said to Mr. Ferguson; "it was his father that thought a' the

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lamps in London had been lighted up in honour of his arrival, and as he drove through the city he exclaimed with delight 'I've often heard the English was a polite nation, but this is too much.' I believe, she added, my Jean will be a great match for him, for his principality is the very smallest in Italy; it lies, I believe, on the shore of the Mediterranean."

The Count bit his lip. "It does," said he, "and the gentleman is my particular friend; he is now the"——I forget the name.

In the drawing-room Mr. Elliot hastened to the side of his new friend, and many was the story they successively told.

"You carry the leeches on your shield?" said Mr. Elliot.

"And the lion for the crest. I am the lion," she replied.

"I was once a hare myself," returned he; and he began a story he had told the night before—how he had acted the part of a hare to the astonishment of an old gentleman in the neighbourhood of Minto; before the end of it, however, he caught the expression of the lady's eye, and lifting up the veil which shaded her features, exclaimed—"Now I have found the Lion of Pitlyal."

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DINNER PARTY AT LORD GILLIES'.

Sir Walter Scott expressed a wish to see a personation, and Lord Gillies made a party for the purpose, among whom were Sir Walter and Miss Scott, Sir Henry and Lady Jardine, the Lord Chief Commissioner and Miss Adam, Doctor Coventry, the Chief Baron Sir Samuel Shepherd, and others.

Among other things that afforded subject of conversation was the fancy ball of the night before; the various dresses and characters were commented on, and among them the inconsistent conduct of a black knight, who had thrown down the gauntlet without waiting to see who would pick it up. The knight was said to be young Mr. T——.

The dinner passed very pleasantly, as all Lord Gillies' dinners do; and when we returned to the drawing-room I bade good night to the ladies.

The Misses Carnegy and their old friend Mrs. Arbuthnott of Balwylie came to tea.

With all the ladies, except Lady Jardine and

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Miss Scott, Mrs. Arbuthnott was intimately acquainted. To them, therefore, she was now by Mrs. Gillies particularly introduced.

Lady Jardine whispered to Mrs. Gillies, "What a beautifully dressed old lady, her clothes are so handsome, and so suitable to her time of life, and at the same time fashionable and ladylike. I wish some old ladies in this town would only take example by it."

The gown was a dark silk made up to the throat, and with sleeves to the wrist. A pure white gauze handkerchief pinned tight over it, an apron of clear white muslin trimmed with point lace, and a cap of point with bows of white satin ribbon; a green shade and French grey kid gloves seamed with black silk.

Mrs. Gillies hoped she was to have the pleasure of seeing the rest of Mrs. Arbuthnott's family. To which she replied that they would all be here, but that they were dining out.

Miss Adam inquired how many of her family had come up with her.

"There is the laird," she said, "my eldest son, and the three orphans left to my care by my second son, and there's our right hand man and governor, James Dalgetty."

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"The young men," she continued, "wanted a little amusement, and they cam up to the Fancy Ball. The laird had to attend a meeting of the Antiquarian Society, and I thought I might as weel tak the opportunity to come and see my friends."

"Your grandsons will be grown out of my acquaintance," said Miss Adam.

"They're fine handsome young men" was the reply, "and Charles, the youngest of them, is the life and spirit of the whole house. He's a jewel of a creature, and the very image of his father."

"How did they like the ball?" inquired Miss Scott.

"Extraordinary weel, and Charles went in the dress of a black knight."

"Was it your grandson then, Mrs. Arbuthnott," continued Miss Scott, "that was the black knight? I am delighted to hear you say so. It destroyed the romance of the thing altogether when we were told it was the son of Mr. T——."

The gentlemen now entered the drawing-room. All who were previously acquainted with Mrs. Arbuthnott expressed their delight at meeting her, and she became in a high degree animated by the sight of so many old friends.

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The Lord Chief Commissioner, claiming the privilege of an old sweetheart, sat down beside her on the sofa, and Sir Walter Scott, though a comparatively new acquaintance, placed himself by her on the other side.

"Do you know, papa," said Miss Scott, "that Mrs. Arbuthnott's grandson was the black knight?"

"And poor Charles got a sad fright," continued Mrs. Arbuthnott,—"he did very weel till he threw down the glove, but syne he lost his presence o' mind a'thegither."

"I am afraid," said Sir Walter, "it is no uncommon thing for knights in his situation to lose their presence of mind."

"Where is the rest of your party, Mrs. Arbuthnott?" now inquired Lord Gillies.

"They'll be here presently, my Lord, but the laird is gone to a meeting of the Antiquarians, and the young men will come as soon as their dinner-party breaks up." Then turning to Sir Walter, "I am sure you had our laird in your e'e when you drew the character of Monkbarns."

"No," replied Sir Walter, "but I had in my eye a very old and respected friend of my own, and one with whom, I daresay you, Mrs. Arbuthnott, were

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acquainted,—the late Mr. George Constable of Wallace, near Dundee."

"I kenned him weel," said Mrs. Arbuthnott, "and his twa sisters that lived wi' him, Jean and Christian, and I've been in the blue-chamber of his *Hospitium*; but I think," she continued, "our laird is the likest to Monkbarns i' the twa. He's at the Antiquarian Society the night presenting a great curiosity that was found in a quarry of mica slate in the hill at the back of Balwylie. He's sair taen up about it, and puzzled to think what substance it may be; but James Dalgetty, wha's never at a loss either for the name or the nature of onything under the sun, says it's just Noah's auld wig that blew aff yon time he put his head out of the window of the ark to look after his corbie messenger."

James Dalgetty and his opinion gave subject of much merriment to the company, but Doctor Coventry thought there was nothing so very ludicrous in the remark, for in that kind of slate there are frequently substances found in it resembling hairs.

Lord Gillies presented Doctor Coventry to Mrs. Arbuthnott, as the well-known professor of agriculture, and they entered on a conversation respecting soils. She described those of Balwylie, and the par-

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ticular properties of the *Surroch Park*, which James Dalgetty curses every time it's spoken about, and says, "it greets a' winter, and girns a' simmer."

The doctor rubbed his hands with delight, and said that was the most perfect description of cold wet land he had ever heard of; and Sir Walter expressed a wish to cultivate the acquaintance of James Dalgetty, and extorted a promise from Mrs. Arbuthnott that she would visit Abbotsford, and bring James with her. "I have a James Dalgetty of my own," continued Sir Walter, "that governs me just as yours does you."

Lady Ann and Mr. Wharton Duff and their daughter were announced, and introduced to Mrs. Arbuthnott.

Lady Ann was remarkably spirituelle, possessed a great talent for fun and humour, spoke the Scotch fluently, and entered the lists at once with Mrs. Arbuthnott. Many a good story she told—not only witty herself, but, as Falstaff says, she was also the cause of wit in others—and was altogether a very delightful person.

Mrs. Arbuthnott inquired if she had heard what had happened to a laird on Deeside, when he was salmon-fishing short syne?

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"What laird?" said Lady Ann.

"One that shall be nameless for the present," continued Mrs. Arbuthnott; "but the first bite nearly whummeled him into the water. 'Gie him line,' cried Willy Bruce the fisher; 'that chield maun hae play.'

"And sure enough the laird gae him line—three days and twa nights he warstled wi' the beast, and there wasna a bush, nor the stump o' an auld tree, a' the way between the falls of the Feuch and the Linn o' Dee, that he didna mak steppin stanes o'. At length the line broke, and down cam the laird. 'The devil's got the hook,' he cried, and up again he couldna rise.

"A' body wonders if he saw ony thing, and some say it was the auld abbot of Arbroath, that used to dress himsel in a white coat and a curled wig, to gar folk believe he was the laird o' Seton, when there was ony ploy gaen on that wasna just suitable for a monk's cowl to be seen in.

"He was doomed to haunt the rivers for a thousand years afore he should get into purgatory.

"But Willy Bruce swears it was naething but a muckle salmon that he's kenned in the water these twenty years, and the fishers ca'd him William the

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Conqueror, because he managed aye to brak their lines; but be that as it may, the laird got sic a fleg that he was carried hame in a raging fever, and he's keepit his bed aye sin syne."

"I know where you are now," exclaimed Lady Ann Duff, and she began to relate a pendant to this history about the laird of Abergeldie. But the laughter caused by the downfall of the salmon-fishing laird, only received a fresh impulse from this interruption.

Mr. Henry Jardine and his sister were announced; the former recognized a friend beneath the green shade, and his smile was returned by Mrs. Arbuthnott.

He was a friend of Charles's, and had been at Balwylie.

At ten Sir Walter and Miss Scott took leave, with a promise that they should visit each other, and bending down to the ear of Mrs. Arbuthnott, Sir Walter addressed her in these words; "Awa! awa! the deil's ower great wi' you."

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I ONCE got half a crown from Sir William Fettes when he was dining with a few friends at his sister, Mrs. Bruce's. She and Lady Fettes put it into my head to ask charity from him, in the character of a daughter of an old companion of his, whose name was Sandy Reid. And whether Sandy Reid ever had a daughter, was nothing to the purpose. Sir William had lost sight of the man, and I had no previous knowledge that ever such a person was in existence.

Dressed in a smart bonnet and shawl belonging to Lord Gillies' housekeeper, I boldly rung the door bell, and demanded of the servant if I could get a word of Sir William.

On the message being carried up-stairs, the ladies desired that the person who wished to speak with Sir William might be shewn into Mrs. Bruce's dressing-room, where behind the window-curtains were stationed a merry party of some half-a-dozen listeners.

Enter Sir William.

"Well, my good woman, what is your business with me?"

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"To ask your help, sir, in behalf of the widow and the fatherless."

"And pray who are you?"

"I am the daughter of ane Sandy Reid, who was weel kenned to your honour; his father lived next door to your father in the Canongate."

"Ay, are you the daughter of Sandy Reid?"

"I am proud to say sae."

"And what has reduced you to this plight, my good woman?"

"Just an ill marriage, Sir William."

"I am sorry for that; but you say you are a widow."

"I am no just a widow; but my husband has run aff wi' anither woman."

"That is very unfortunate; but what is your husband?"

"A soldier, sir."

"An officer of the soldiers you mean, I suppose."

"Na, na, Sir William; he is but a single soldier."

"And did Sandy Reid's daughter marry a single soldier?"

(Weeping)—"It is o'er true, Sir William; but he was a bonny man, and I ne'er thought he would forsake me."

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"And did your father consent to your marrying a single soldier?"

"Oh, no, Sir William; but it was ordained."

"Have you any family, or any means of living?"

"I have five boys; and I wash and iron, and do all I can to get bread to them."

"Where do you live?"

"In Elder Street."

"In Elder Street; that seems to me rather an expensive part of the town for a person in your circumstances."

"It is but a garret, sir, up four pair of stairs."

"Are any of your children at school?"

"No sir; but the eldest is in Provost Manderson's shop, who has been very kind to him, and ta'en him aff my hand. And the second is a prentice to a tobacconist; and (here weeping bitterly) the rest are in the house, for I have neither decent claes to put upon them, nor siller to send them to the schule; and this is Saturday night, and no sae muckle meat within the door as put by the Sabbath day."

"I am sorry for you, and grieved to see Sandy Reid's daughter come to this; but you must be sensible, that for a person in your situation, your

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present dress is rather too shewy and extravagant."

"That's true, Sir William; but gentle servants are no civil to poor folk when they come ill-dressed."

"I believe, indeed, that is too true, but your dress is quite unsuitable."

"Indeed, Sir William, I borrowed this bonnet and shawl from a gentleman's house-keeper, just for the purpose of waiting upon you, for I am in great want."

"Well, there is half-a-crown to help you in the meantime; and I will inquire at Provost Manderson about you on Monday, and if you be speaking the truth, I will see and get your children into some of the hospitals."

Here the party burst from behind the curtains.

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LOVE LETTER TO THE HEIRESS OF PITLYAL.

DEAR ROSEBUD,

I'm tired of a bachelor life,
And have taken the field in pursuit of a wife;
Of all the young ladies I've viewed in succession,
You've made on my soul the most lasting impression;
And it is not that form, nor those features I prize,
But the light of good humour that beams in those eyes,
And the sweet smile of kindness that meets my attentions
Spur me on at this moment to state my pretensions.

My family, you know, is both ancient and good,
We can trace our descent in a line from the flood,
And the flock of grey geese on the pond in my park,
Genealogists prove have been hatched in the ark.
Indeed, among other rare things I can shew a
Bobwig that belonged to old commodore Noah!

My fortune is ample,—a rent-roll quite clear,
Of arable acres ten thousand a year;
What with peats, and hill pasture, and kelp on the shore,
I may state it with safety at three thousand more.

I have ten serving damsels, and as many men,
Who have lived in the castle threescore years and ten;

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My hounds and my hawks are in numbers past counting,
Old racers past running, old hunters past mounting;
But still I have twenty good steeds in my stable,
Nine bays and four chesnuts, six greys and one sable;
I've two coaches, three chariots, and one sedan chair,
With some trifling exceptions no worse for the wear;
A few hundreds of spiders their threads have been twining,
And the moths and the mice have their nests in the lining.

Now to turn out these settlers so late in the season,
Seems to me against nature, if not against reason;
So to obviate this, the best thing I can do
Is to make Whippy* send down a pillion for you.

There's a gay riding dress which my aunt Lady Marles
Had sent her from London to wait on Prince Charles;
'Tis of blue *peau de soie*, lined with *couleur de rose*,
With a helmet and feathers, and tassels, and bows;
If to my proposal you start no objection,
The habit may suit both your taste and complexion.

Then, my bride, I will mount you behind me on *Beaumonde*,
And off we shall trot on a jaunt to Loch Lomond.

Your devoted and faithful admirer.

Dull Ness Castle, 1821.

* A celebrated London saddler.

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LETTER TO MRS. GILLIES FROM THE LADY PITLYAL.

1821.

A THOUGHT has this minute come into my head,
That all my good friends must be thinking I'm dead,
For since Jean went abroad, which is six months and more,
The shade of a Whig has not darkened my door;
And it's no sae lang syne nor diffiquilt to mind,
At bridals and bur'als and a' ploys of the kind,
So great was the kindness was had for each ither,
Pitlyal and the Gillies aye herded thegither.
So you and Lord Gillies might baith hae kent better
Than heed such a tale unconfirmed by a letter.
But I've found out the nest where the rumour was hatched,
And how it took wing with a swiftness unmatched;
How it flew all abroad like some magical spell,
And how puir Jean was telt it at Aix-la-Chapelle.

Your cousin Miss Clem is an arrant deceiver,
A marvel to me any one should believe her;
And Mistress George Russell had better beware
Lest her wit running wild, lead her into a snare;
For the joke either argues a great want of sense,
Or impeaches the schemers of *malice prepense*—
A plot I'm determined they both shall rue dearly,
And cost what it will, shall be punished severely.

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While one spark of justice remains in our laws,
My well-beloved Jeffrey shall plead in my cause,
And William Clerk, also, will make them hear reason,
Though he gaed by my door in Angus this season;
But the Rosebud was absent, and nae doubt that he
Thought a call might gie fash to an auld wife like me.
Our prophecie treats more than once of a tryal,
And the fame of a law-loving Lady Pitlyal;
Then in sentences dark appears whiles to foretel
Of an action she raised in revenge on hersel.

Jean calls this "the prophet's prophetical fiction,"
To me it appears a mysterious prediction,
Expounding, as *I* do, "The triumph and fame"
To Pitlyal, will yet be fulfilled in her name.

She's a fine creature Jean, and has as mickle sense
As mony young misses wi' twice her pretence;
And yet at your parties she said she felt shy,
When a person addressed her, to give a reply;
For she wanted the courage to speak conversation,
And hold up like ither young folk of her station.
Though I spared not my siller to have her braw dressed,
And she lookit, I thought, as genteel as the rest,
She would laugh and declare 'twas the dressmaker's garnish,
The manner was wanting, the polish, the varnish;
And casting a look on her gossamer frock,
Said she 'minded hersel of a milliner's block.

What think you I've done?—after pondering fairly,
I've sent her abroad to her cousins of Airlie;

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She has seen Waterloo, she has sailed on the Rhine,
And she's been to the place where they mak the stock wine;
She rested some time baith at Basle and Lucerne,
And she spent fifteen weeks in the canton of Berne;
She's now got to Paris, and winter once over,
I plan setting forward to meet her at Dover.

Now believe me, with every good wish and kind word
To my Whig friends, including yourself and my lord,
He'll mind how I told him the last time I saw him,
We'd planted *east Ireland* and ploughed *Capernaum*.

T'was in this very plantin, close by the mill lade,
That I foolishly dreamt I had angered Holmhead.
And now fare ye weel, and remember me by all
The auld warld havers of Lady Pitlyal.

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WORTHIES.

There were some worthies connected with Duntrune, whose names must not be forgot in those reminiscences. They were not "children of the mist," but pure sterling characters,—the first and most perfect of whom was Meg Matthew, whose habitation was opposite to my grandfather Mr. Graham's, house in Arbroath, and who lived on familiar terms with the family.

Meg Matthew.

Looking through the long vista of the present century, and far down into the past, I see myself, a little girl of five or six years old, sitting on a *creepy* at the feet of a remarkable old woman called Meg Matthew.

Meg sat at her wheel spinning flax with both hands from the waist, while I gazed on her dear,

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homely, wrinkled face, drinking in the old world tales of her past life; her dress, a short gown, woollen petticoat, a striped wincey apron, a close white mutch with a black hood over it.

She had been a servant in the family of the minister of Kinnel. The minister and his wife both died during her service, leaving three children, two boys and a girl, totally unprovided. Upon which Meg engaged an attic room in the Marketgate of Arbroath, and carried the orphans there with her, where she span to maintain them, and she begged or extorted from those she thought could afford it, their schooling and clothing.

She did not ask like a mendicant, but said she *must have* such and such things for her bairns; and when the boys were to be fitted out, she would call at various places, tell the lady that she must have linen, and that the young ladies must set to wark and make so many shirts for Jamie or Willy.

Situations were procured for the boys,—one settled in the West Indies, the other in Montreal, and after the lapse of years, Willy returned in good circumstances, and died in Arbroath. James married in Montreal, became affluent, and sent his daughter home to visit her aunt, and the friends who had

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known Meg. She was an accomplished lady-like young person.

Meg went herself to London with the boys, to see them fitted out, and witness their departure; and she saw King George the Third, whom she described as being "like ony ither husbandman wi' a stand o' blue claes."

Betsy obtained a lady's maid's place in Hopetoun House, where she remained till her marriage with Mr. Haldane, a stocking manufacturer in Haddington. He left her a widow, in comfort; she was much respected, and died in a good old age.

Meg was the theme of many conversations among the young ladies of Hopetoun and their attendant; her name and fame were even well known among the servants.

One day a housemaid ran into the room calling out, "Miss Cruickshank, if your Meg be in the body, she is now coming up the road, dress't in her Sabbath-day claes, and her plaid ower her head."

It was Meg herself, arrived on foot from Arbroath, and rapturously she was welcomed by the whole family. She would remain only a few days, declining all favours for herself; and when they offered

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to show her through the house, replied, "Na, na; I'm no gaen to big the marrow of it."

She returned home to her spinning-wheel in her solitary little room, and from her rather unsocial manners, she was looked upon by coarse-minded people in the light of a witch, or one who was in compact with the devil.

I remember her last illness, and seeing her laid in her coffin.

Her dust rests within the cemetery of the old abbey of Arbroath.

"Embalmed in memory with things that are holy."

John Fraser,

A waggish old man who served the family at Duntrune a term of sixty years, and during three generations of its owners. He was cook there when I was about ten years of age.

He was not the type of a *chef de cuisine* of the present day, but a very excellent cook in his way. He dressed in a dark waistcoat, knee breeches, and a red nightcap.

He liked no *helper* in the kitchen, and always

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sent out any of the other servants who invaded his domain, shrieking with laughter.

He preferred his beer to his meat, and never partook of meals with his fellows, but sat behind and joked with them at dinner.

He was very kind to my sister and me, and when he had no other dainty to bestow, he would boil a fresh egg, or parch peas for us, and sometimes he contrived to make us a whistle of what he called a *guse-thrapple*, *anglicé*, the windpipe of a goose.

In the years 1745 and 6, when his master, my grandfather, was skulking after the battle of Culloden, John found it imperative to take other service, and hired himself to Mr. Wedderburn of Pearsie; but he wearied to get back to Duntrune.

One day Mr. Wedderburn observed him putting a spit through a peat, probably with the intention of cleaning it. When his master inquired his reason for so doing, he replied, "Indeed, sir, I'm just gaen to roast a peat, for fear I forget my trade."

At the end of two years he returned to Duntrune, where he continued to exercise his calling during the remainder of his life. His death took place in Dundee, where his master, my uncle, paid the last tribute of respect to his memory, and laid his head

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in the grave beside the family he had served so faithfully. John's widow was so gratified with the respect paid to her husband, that she called her neighbours to "come oot and see the *beautiful burial.*"

There is an anecdote of John, worthy of remembrance. One day he sent up a roast goose for dinner, off which he, or some one, had cut a leg before it appeared on the table. John was summoned from the kitchen to tell how the goose came to be deprived of a leg; to which he replied, that all the geese of Duntrune had only one leg, and in corroboration of this assertion, he pointed to a whole flock in front of the house, which were happily sitting asleep on one leg, with a sentinel on the watch.

The laird opened the window, clapped his hands, and cried "*whew,*" on which they all got upon two legs and took wing. But John, no way discomfited, quietly told his master, "if he had clappit his hands and cried *whew* to the ane on the table, it would maist likely hae dune the same."

It is not to be believed that John ever read Boccaccio, or had ever heard of the Venetian cook "*Chichibio,*" who played the same trick with the crane's leg; but it is possible that two artists in the

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same vocation, even with four centuries rolling between them, may have originated similar ideas.

David Murray,

Whom I never saw, served at the same time in the capacity of butler.

When asked what became of the wine that was left, he replied, "I boot hae the bottles to wash."

The Cadger.

An old cadger who brought fish to Duntrune, used to sit sound asleep on the cart, leaving the fish to the discretion of his horse.

One day he arrived at the door nearly frozen to death, and was carried into the kitchen to be thawed. In due time they gave him some food, and a glass of warm toddy to drink, which so cheered his heart, that he exclaimed, "Oh! sirs, I am happy wi ye; I am just ae *eild* wi' the auld King George III., and I daur say I am as happy a man as he is. The leddy will be takin' a glass o' this till hersel when she comes in frae her walk; for I am sure naebody could hae it in the hoose and no tak' it."

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The Beggar.

An old woman was a frequent visitor at Duntrune. She was called *Boblins*, a nickname she did not particularly like, in consequence of some delinquency on her part.

My aunt, Miss Alison Graham, very many years her junior, gave her a full suit of winter clothing, in reply to which she exclaimed, "Gudeness! woman, what will I do when ye dee?"

In spite of the warm clothing, however, she was seized with a severe cold, and confined to bed, and the neighbours sent donations of various delicacies, one of which was a jar of black currant jam, which she desired might be "*toomed*" into a large wooden dish, and she sat up in bed to eat it with a horn spoon, making wry faces all the time, and took credit to herself for the same, by remarking, that "mony ane wouldna sup it, for the lady makes her jeil wi' the *caff* amang't."

After this repast she drank six bottles of beer, half a bottle of whisky, and fell sound asleep for eight and forty hours; at the end of which time she awoke quite recovered.

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The Dog.

We had a Skye terrier named Oscar which had a particular affection for Nanny the dairymaid, and always accompanied her to the milking of the cows, for which attention she rewarded him with a basin of warm milk. He always went with her to her father's house at Linlathen on the Sunday evenings, a distance of two miles, after having been to the Established Church at Murroes; but on occasion of the opening of the Free Church in the parish of Monifieth, which is not far from the dwelling of Nanny's parents, he went there alone, remained in the tent during the forenoon service, was observed among the congregation in the new building in the afternoon, and we supposed he must have remained to the evening preaching, as he did not appear at home till past eleven o'clock at night, when he gave tongue at the window of the maid's room.

Once or twice after this Nanny had inadvertently gone from home without him, and he had observed her caressing some strange dogs on the road, which threw him into such a paroxysm of jealousy that he nearly demolished her wardrobe. He went to the

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room where she and the other maid-servants kept their clothes, drew two of her best caps from a basket, carried them down stairs and hid them among some shavings in the stick house; being unable to extract the straw-bonnet from the basket, he chewed the strings of it, and tore up a handkerchief, and finished off by selecting a printed gown of hers from among those of her fellow-servants, and tore it to shreds.

Great was poor Nanny's consternation when she discovered that the creature whom she always said "had mair wit than mony bodies," should be guilty of such misconduct, so she gave him a good thrashing, and he vanished from the house. No one saw him again for a couple of days, Nanny looking very mysterious all the time, and feeling assured that he had "ower muckle wut."

The first intimation I received of his delinquency was from himself, when he came crouching to my feet, and looking up into my face, as if entreating forgiveness.

He did not go to the byre with Nanny for more than a week after this; but, on mature deliberation, he made an advance to lick her hands, and she restored him to favour.

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SONGS AND BALLADS.

THE OCEAN WAVE.

Music by Mrs. Onslow.

There is hope, there is hope when the summer wind blows,
There is love, there is love in the breath of the rose,
There is joy in the songs of the emerald lea,
But the gruff voice of ocean is dearer to me.

For the ocean wave
Is the home of the brave,
And heaven's own sky
Their canopy.

There is life, there is life when the merry waves play,
When they toss their white crests, flinging high the light spray;
Now they dance with the skiff as she bounds o'er the tide,
And they laugh as they speed her o'er the waters wide.

For the ocean wave
Is the home of the brave,
And heaven's own sky
Their canopy.

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There's a smile, there's a smile, 'tis enchantment to trace,
As it breaks from the eye and beams over the face,
'Tis the gush of deep love from the soul of the brave,
Like the bright setting glow on the billowy wave.
For the ocean wave,
Is the home of the brave,
And heaven's own sky
Their canopy.

SMILE AGAIN, LADY.

Smile again, Lady, smile once more,
And look as thou wert wont to do,
When the youthful morning dawned so fair,
And the summer dream of hope was true.

That brow o'er which the spirit played
Is darkened now, its brightness shaded,
And pale and cold as the Alpine snow
When sunset's glowing tint hath faded.

Smile again, Lady, smile once more,
And be as thou wert wont to be,
When thine eye reflected heaven's deep love,
And its light of beauty gleamed on me.

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BALLAD.

Music by Mrs. Onslow.

Thou hast plucked from thy temples the garland I wove,
When fresh was its fragrance, its colours all fair,
Though the flowers it entwined were each breathed on by love,
And the smiles of affection had summered them there;
Yet, yet in this moment of parting believe,
That my soul clings as fondly as ever to thee,
Oh! forget me not then, but my floweret receive,
Repeating its name, thou'lt sometimes think of me.

Bid it live in thy bosom and bloom in thy bower,
And cherish it kindly, and shield it from wrong;
With the soft tear of pity refreshing my flower,
Twine its stem with thy harp strings, its name in thy song;
And if the deep azure shall fade in the eye,
And the light of its beauty glow never again,
In its tenderness drooping, when sinking to die,
Forget me not then; oh, forget me not then.

SONG.

Music by Miss Harriott Lacon.

As freely bounds the mountain deer,
O'er highland moor and glen,
So safely cowers the timid hare
In our dear lowland den;

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Where Fithie's sparkling waters run
So gladly to the main,
And woodbine vainly spreads her arms
The courser to retain.

Green are the birks in Athole woods,
And dark the lofty pine,
But on the bonnie banks of Tay
The wreath for thee will twine.
We'll seek the Rose on Craigie braes,
The gowan on Duntroon,
And blend with sweetest memories
The Lily's modest bloom.*

MAY.

Music by Miss Harriott Lacon.

Oh! bright was the dawn of May-day morn,
When flowrets were blooming in dew,
And the fairest flower on the pearly lawn,
Was the maid in the kirtle of blue.

The spirit of youthful dreams she seemed,
The freshness of heaven she breathed,
And gaily she warbled the May-day songs
While the rose in her dark hair she wreathed.

* Lillie and Rose, two of the daughters of Mr. Guthrie of Craigie.

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A silken scarf of the amber hue,
Like a sunbeam around her played,
And the love that mantled her dimpled cheek,
Was as pure as the soul it betrayed.

A ray there shone from her deep blue eye,
Through the fringe its lustre concealed,
The beautiful vision of hope was mine,
In the light of that moment revealed.

FORGET ME NOT.

Music by Mrs. Onslow.

Forget me not, when the veil of night
Shades thine eye of tender blue;
Forget me not, when the morning light
Brings expression's softest hue;
Forget me not in the sunny hour,
Forget me not when glooming tempests lour,
Be thou, be thou my loved, my emblem flower
Of heaven serene and true.

And when thy hand o'er the trembling strings,
Shall waken the chords divine,
Oh! breathe a thought for the faithful heart
Whose life pulse depends on thine.
While memory with rapture clings to thee,
My love a halo round thy brows shall be,
Be then, be then a guiding star to me,
Of heaven serene and true.

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ALPINE SONG.

Written for a German Melody.

When the shrill Alpine chorus from hill to hill flies,
Dell and rock giving back the sweet sounds as they rise,
Oh! think of the feeling, the rapture divine,
That steals o'er my soul by that dear voice of thine;
Then come where glad echoes their wild notes are blending,
Come up to the Alps, see the flocks are ascending.

When the sun o'er the mountain his royal robe throws,
And red on the glaciers the ruby tint glows,
Oh! think of the feeling, the rapture divine
That steals o'er my soul in that blest smile of thine.
Then come with me, love, where the chamois is bounding,
And merry herd bells o'er the pastures are sounding.

SONG

Written for a German Melody.

I will think of my love in the moonlight,
And my love will think of me,
And I'll waft him a sigh on the light breeze,
And he'll breathe one to heaven for me.
Dear to me is the sailor boy,
His bride I have promised to be,
And he's gone far away on the dark blue sea,
To seek a rare gift for me.

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He said he would bring me a casket of gold,
And pearls to deck my hair,
But his heart is the only treasure I prize,
His love is the gem I will wear.
Then speed to the swelling sail
As it bounds o'er the dancing wave,
And blessings attend on the little bark,
That brings home my sailor brave.

BALLAD.

From Lofoden's wild mountains
The young chief descending,
And a bridal array
With the dark pines blending.
Fleecy the morning mist
On ocean's breast resting,
And fleet o'er the silver tide
Hope's oars are cresting.

Speed they light o'er the waters,
Pull closely the rowers
To the fair island bride
Of the emerald bowers;
Loved voices seem near them,
And eyes brightly smiling,
But plaintive the mermaid sings*
True love beguiling.

* The Mermaid is supposed to have a woman's form and face, with a sweet and plaintive voice. Her appearance betokens shipwreck.

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'Tis delusion, delusion,
The green isle appearing,
For white foaming breakers
Of Maelstrom † are nearing,
The power of the vortex
The strong arm assailing;
In the strife of the surges
Stout hearts are failing.

There's a shriek on the water,
There's blight on the shore,
And flowers of the green isle
Are blooming no more.
A star o'er the cold wave
In mystery glowing;
Deep, deep on the heroes' rest
Holy light throwing.

LADY, WAKE.

Written for a German Melody.

Lady wake! the shades of night
Are fading in the morning light,
And in a flood of molten gold
Their fleecy banners now unfold;
Awake, awake in beauty bright,
And glad me with thine eye of light.

† The Maelstrom is a whirlpool on the coast of Norway. This ballad was originally written for a Norwegian air.

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Lady rise: the blooming hours,
The youthful breath of summer flowers,
And sweetest minstrels of the grove
Attend upon thy voice of love;
Arise, arise in beauty bright,
And bless me with thy smile of light.

Lady come! the chase pervades,
The deer hath left the forest glades,
My skiff shall bear thee o'er the lake,
My steed shall guide thee through the brake;
Away, away, the sun is high,
The huntsman's chorus rends the sky.

MUSIC.

There's music in the summer's glassy wave,
Trembling in the moonlight's silver ray,
There's music in the yellow laughing corn,
Waving in the glorious light of day;
Every zephyr on his tiny wing
Bears a freight in music's minstrelsy,
Every shade in beauty's rosy smile
Wakes a tone in nature's harmony.

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THE PIRATE'S BRIDE.

Written for a Russian Melody.

'Tis the sweet hour of meeting, delay me not now,
While the freshness of morning lies cool on my brow,
And the prayer that my own love be true to his vow.
See the dove lave her pinions in ether so bright,
And the gondolier's signal is floating in light,
And the gondolier's signal is floating in light.

PIRATE.

Fair star of the morning, sweet flower of the lea,
My bark on the light wave is waiting for thee,
Unfurling her canvas, she trims the white sail,
And winged like the sea-bird exults in the gale.

Our path on the waters, our rest on the tide,
Where pennants are waving to welcome my bride,
And the brave hearts that people our home on the sea,
Are breathing sweet incense for thee and for me.

SONG.

Fill high, fill high the sparkling cup,
And hold your breath the while
Ye drain out every precious drop,
The toast, "Our own fair Isle."

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Above the nations see her rise,
A bright and glowing star,
Diffusing light, and life, and love,
On countries from afar.
See liberty, immortal gem,
Blaze in Victoria's diadem,
Diffusing light afar.

Then raise the royal standard high,
And give it to the breeze,
For freedom's right, and Britain's might
Are ruling on the seas.
No foemen shall invade her shores,
No perfidy enslave;
Our battlefield the ocean wide,
Our war-horse is the wave.
Fill, fill then, to our own fair isle,
And beauty's lip and beauty's smile,
Shall guerdon well the brave.

BREATHINGS OF HOME.

Breathings of home over memory stealing,
Wake up the past from the deep wells of feeling,
Bring me the tones of my own heathy mountains,
Sparkling and clear as the springs from their fountains.

Ere the young spirit was blighted and dreary,
Ere the soft gloamin' was lanesome and eerie,
Ere the dark cloud or its shadow came o'er me,
Ere the sweet budding flowers faded before me.

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Speak me the voices of friends that were nearest,
Shew me the kind smile of them that were dearest,
Bring back the hope of my life's early morning,
Sunbeams of love all existence adorning.

OH! BLESS ME WITH THY ROSY LIP.

Music by Miss Harriott Lacon.

Oh! bless me wi' thy rosy lip,
And glad me wi' thy smile,
And I will think of thee, my love,
Through mony weary mile;
Through mony weary mile, my love,
Of mountain and of lea,
And ilka bonnie blooming flower
Will speak to me of thee.

The parting hour is come my love,
The parting tear is shed,
And I have prayed to heaven above
For blessings on thy head;
For blessings on thy head my love,
Ae blink o' that blythe ee,
Will guide me like some holy star,
And bring me back to thee.

I would not those bright eyes should dim
With anxious fears for me,
Nor memory's sacred fountain swell
With one sad thought of thee;

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Then bless me wi' thy rosy lip,
And glad me wi' thy smile,
And I will love thee more and more,
Through every weary mile.

THE FUTURE.

Blessed shades of the past,
In the future I see ye, so fair!
Ties that were nearest,
Forms that were dearest,
The truest and fondest are there.

They were flowrets of earth,
That are blooming in heaven, so fair!
And the stately tree,
Spreading wide and free,
The sheaves that were ripened are there.

The teardrop that trembled,
In pity's meek eye; and the prayer,
Faith of the purest,
Hope that was surest,
The love all-enduring, are there.

And the loved, the beloved
Whose life made existence so fair!
The soft seraph voice
Bade the lowly rejoice,
Is heard in sweet harmony there.

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STAR OF HOPE.

Star of hope! trembling, yet ever glowing,
Link mysterious of immortal mind!
Ray of the pure and bright Eternal! shewing
Benighted souls heaven's hallowed way to find.

Light divine! impulse of heart and feeling,
On mercy's errand like the blessed dove,
The weak sustaining, to the lost revealing
The holy fountain of o'erflowing love.

I have seen thee in the eye of beauty,
Affection's tides all gushing, bounding, clear;
I've watched thee radiant in the lines of duty,
And traced thee imaged in the falling tear.

High thy course blest star! in light careering,
No storm can injure thee, nor cloud obscure,
Amid life's boisterous waves the pilot cheering
Onward to anchor and to haven sure.

SONG.

Written for a Danish Melody.

Can I cease to remember
Those moments of gladness,
Ere our bright hopes were faded
In sorrow and sadness;

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When the spring-tide of feeling
Rushed over thy brow,
Truth impassioned revealing,
Ere breathed in thy vow.

Came that voice like soft music
The soul all possessing,
Came these life-giving accents
Affection expressing;
But the eye that beamed on me,
Deep, tender, and blue,
Told the love ere 'twas spoken,
The love all so true.

BALLAD.

Music by William Brown Constable, Esq.

Bid adieu, bid adieu to the gardens of roses,
And come to the glen where the "wild deer reposes,"
There's a soul in the echoes, a tone in the air,
And the breath of a spirit seems waking them there.
Now they float on the breeze, like a seraph band pealing,
Now they sink to the ground o'er the heather-bell stealing,
While the harmony blending with shadow and light,
All the magic of sound and of feeling unite.

Bid adieu, bid adieu to the gem-dropping fountains,
And come where the torrent leaps down from the mountains,
Where the sunbeam and mist o'er the cataract play,
And the young rainbow hangs on the waterfall spray.

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To the land where the clear springs of freedom are flowing,
To the land where the brave in their glory are glowing.
Oh! come to the Highland hills, come with me now,
Where the proud eagle's feather shall wave o'er thy brow.

THE CAPTIVE'S CHAIN.

Music by Clementina, Countess of Airlie.

The captive's chain around me pressed,
And sorrow's night closed dark o'er me,
And fleeting dreams raised long hid forms,
From deep, deep cells of memory.

A crystal tear fell on my brow,
A tear from angel eyelids shed,
A seraph breath came o'er my soul,
And swept a chord methought was dead.

Oh, lady, breathe these notes again,
And sound a requiem wild and free,
And be thy gentle spirit near,
To brighten o'er my destiny.

THE WARRIOR'S GRAVE.

Written for a Polish Melody.

There's a light cloud fleeting o'er the vault of heaven,
Where the sky-bird is blithely singing;

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There's a green turf blooming where the warrior lies,
And the wild flowers are sweetly springing.,
The brave are dead and gone,
And no monumental stone,
But the wild flowers, the wild flowers sweetly springing.

Deep, deep in the soul is the loved one shrouded,
And pure as the white snow lying;
Embalmed in memory with things that are holy,
By the Spirit that is undying.
Earth's flowers must fade and die,
All that's bright beneath the sky,
But the spirit, the spirit is undying.

POLAND'S DIRGE.

Sleep on ye brave! ye know not Poland's sorrow,
Her agony when came the bloodhound's bray,
And when she heard the chains of tyrants clanking
On the green sod that wraps her heroes' clay.
'Twas like the blast sweeping the stately forest,
Bruising to earth the sapling and the tree;
The sigh is passed, the pang, the last, the sorest,
Was her expiring struggle to be free.

Captive her dust! the iron bond hath humbled
Her noble sons, their mighty spirits crushed;
Her lines of strength lay battered down and crumbled
When the life blood of her brave warriors gushed.

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Exiled and sad, her children are partaking
The bitter cup, and at the stranger's hand,
Pining for home, for kindred hearts, and waking
The tones that breathe of their loved fatherland.

Their minstrel harps the records of her glory,
Her patriot's honours but the minstrel's songs;
Nations may reap a moral from her story,
And kingdoms weep her sufferings and her wrongs.
Yet glory lives! there is a pure star shedding
A holy ray on Poland's marble brow,
And far and free the sacred flame is spreading,
'Tis Liberty! 'tis Liberty's blest glow.

MY AIN COUNTRIE.

There's a tone ye may not breathe,
There's a chord ye may not wake,
For they thrill o'er every nerve
"Till my heart is like to break."
There's a name ye may not speak
That was dear, dear to me,
In my bonnie Highland home,
In my ain countrie.

I've seen the sun gae down,
On mountain and on glen,
And brightly rise at morn
To cherish them again;

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But the parting looks of love
That fell sae kind on me,
Will meet me never mair,
In my ain countrie.

SONG—THE WILD GLEN.

Oh! come to the Highlands, my own love, with me.
Where the air is so light and the spirit so free;
Where the eagle soars buoyant on ether as pure
As the bright hope of heaven! so steadfast, so sure.
And the breeze he relies on, the gale that he loves.
Are fraught with the perfumes of Eden's green groves.
O'er the mountain and flood, by the forest we'll roam,
And the glen, the wild glen! be our haven and home.

Oh! come to the glen where the silver springs flow,
And the gay yellow broom and the heather-bell grow;
Where the earth is all glowing in purple and gold,
And the soft mirrored water lies deeply enrolled.
Where the gems of the ocean and flowers of the lea,
Are twining and wreathing their garlands for thee.
O'er the mountain and flood, by the forest we'll roam,
And the glen, the wild glen! be our haven and home.

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SONG.

Written for a Danish Melody.

The sunny rays of morning
  Brightly glancing on the sea,
The rippling tide of summer waves
  Recal thy smiles to me.
But the bloom of youth hath passed
  O'er thy pure and beautiful brow,
The faded rose, the falling leaf,
  Are far more like thee now.

  And when the star of evening
  Softly tremulous appears,
Her image in the glassy tide,
  Recals thee in thy tears.
But the springs of feeling chilled,
  And the furrows upon thy brow,
The autumn breeze sighs coldly o'er
  Thy waning beauty now.

  Yet mourn we not the joys of youth,
  Nor the dream of summer days,
For it is not the greenest tree
  That gives the brightest blaze,
Then be thy wit more sparkling now,
  Thyself more dear than ever,
The chain that bound our youthful hearts,
  Nor years, nor time can sever.

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SONG OF POLAND.

Music by Mrs. Onslow.

Oh! sing me the song I loved to hear,
When youthful vows were plighted,
And twine me the wreath I loved to wear,
Ere Poland's flowers were blighted.
And speak of our beautiful home to me,
The love that was centred there,
And weep me the tear of tenderness,
That watered the parent's prayer.

Bright rose the star on our bower of love,
Its course in glory tracing;
Came the cloud of war, the foeman's strife,
Its brightness all defacing.
Oh! hide from mine eyes the standard of death
That glares in blood before us,
For it waves upon our withered hopes;
The tyrant chain is o'er us.

Then sing me the song I loved to hear
When youthful vows were plighted,
And twine me the wreath I loved to wear,
Ere Poland's flowers were blighted.
For the soul lives on though her mould decay,
Though captive her dust may be;
The spirit refined, Promethean, soars
Triumphant—immortal—free!

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SERENADE.

Music by Miss Harriott Lacon.

Awake, awake my own true love,
The trysting hour is come,
The lights of Tay are waning low,
And Broughty sands are won.
My skiff is launched and buoyant floats
Upon the light wave borne,
And one fair planet sweetly glows,
To herald in the morn.

A dawn effulgent o'er the east,
Is spreading far and wide,
And in a flood of living gold
Is melting in the tide.
From willing oars the sparkling drops
Like circling rainbows play,
And merrily, with laughing waves,
We'll course the pathless way.

WORDS.

Oh! I hae been on the flowery banks of Clyde,
And I hae seen Tay's silver waters glide,
I ken a bonny lad on Sidlaw's heather brae;
And oh! in my heart 'tis wi' him I'd like to gae.
He pu'd the fairest blue bells and wreathed them in my hair;
In my heart, in my heart, I maun love him evermair.

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His e'e is bright as the summer morn to me,
Its shade falls light as the gloamin' on the lea;
It's no his manly bearing, it's no his noble air,
The soul! 'tis the soul that gives expression there.
We've wandered 'mang the gowd broom, and by the river side;
In my heart, in my heart, I think I'll be his bride.

THE FISHERMAN'S HOME.

A cry of despair came shrill on the gale,
There's fear on the shore, there's sorrow and wail;
The brave ones that left their haven at morn,
Are struggling for life in the gathering storm.

A young mother, high on the beetling steep,
Keeps her maddening watch o'er the boiling deep,
She's stunned by the din of the thundering blast,
And the drifting spray as it rushes past.

"Oh! hush thee, my loved one, hush thee to rest,
And nestle thee close to my cold, cold breast,
And shiver not there, I'll warm thee again,
At the fire that burns so hot in my brain.

"I hear a call, like the death-bird's scream,
And I see the phantom wild-fires gleam,
The fisherman's home is the ocean wave,
And we'll all sleep sound in our crystal cave."

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Now a flood tide drives on the furious gale,
And the surges break, the waters prevail.
But there's hope—and there is a mystery;
And the voice says peace, peace, thou raging sea.

BALLAD.

PART I.

Oh! seek not, lady, to wed my son,
Though there's melting love in your e'e,
There's gentler wark for bonnie silk thread,
Than a rough ship's cable to be.
Little ye ken the hopes and the fears,
The hardships o' seafaring life,
Little ye wot o' the heavy darg,
That lies to the fisherman's wife.

Thae slender fingers could never thole,
To handle the creel or the line,
The laird's fair dother would rue the day
She left her ain station for mine.
Return in time to your father's ha',
And believe mé, my winsome dame,
The sea is a crueller step-mother,
Than the doure ane ye've left at hame.

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PART II.

Sae calm the deep on that fatal morn,
  Sae blithe sped our boat on the wave;
But the storm arose at evening close,
  And our men met a watery grave.
Nae footstep printed my lonely floor,
  And the tempest gaed howling past;
An eerie sugh on my senses came,
  For the death-knell was in the blast.

I gazed on the babe that sleeping lay,
  He looked up sae sweetly, and smiled,
For sure the pitying angel stood
  By the bed of my orphan child.
I've trained him up in the fear of God,
  As an honest man's bairn should be,
And he'll launch a craft o' his ain belyve,
  Wi' a lass o' his ain degree.

BALLAD.

What brought the bodie o'er the knowe?
  What gar't him fancy me?
Sooner than be the auld man's bride,
  I'll frae the country flee.

I couldna gae to his braw hame,
  A dowie wife to be;
The *gudeman* threescore years and ten,
  And me scarce twenty-three.

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But wi' my bairnies on my back,
I'll gang and beg their bread,
And pray God's blessing may descend
Upon the auld man's head.

For he's been kind to me and mine,
Since closed that dreary day
The sun *set* on my widowed heart,
Nor left one lingering ray.

The tree has fallen that stately stood
Sae high abune the lave,
And cauld and still the loving heart,
That was sae true and brave.

In happy days I boded not
The weird 'tis mine to dree,
Nor ever kent what sorrow was,
Till *he* was taen frae me.

THE BIRKIE OF BONNIE DUNDEE.

Music by George Farquhar Graham, Esq.

Ye fair lands of Angus and bonnie Dundee,
How dear are your echoes, your memories to me!
At gatherings and meetings in a' the braw toons,
I danced wi' the lasses and distanced the loons;
Syne bantered them gaily, and bade the young men
Be mair on their mettle when I cam' again.
They jeered me, they cheered me, and cried ane and a',
He's no an ill fellow that, now he's awa.

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When puir beggar bodies cam' making their mane
I spak them aye cheery, for siller I'd nane,
They shook up their duddies, and muttered, "Wae's me,
"Sae lightsome a laddie no worth a bawbee!"
I played wi' the bairnies at bowls and at ba',
And left them a' greeting when I cam' awa;
Aye! mithers, and bairnies, and lasses and a',
Were a' sobbin loudly when I cam' awa.

I feigned a gay laugh, just to keep in the greet,
For ae bonnie lassie, sae douce and sae sweet,
How matchless the blink of her deep loving e'e,
How soft fell its shade as it glanced upon me.
I flung her a wild rose sae fresh and sae fair,
And bade it bloom on in the bright summer there;
While breathing its fragrance, she ablins may gi'e
A thought to the Birkie of bonnie Dundee.

GRATITUDE.

[A boy in the Asylum for Deaf and Dumb in Paris, on being asked if he knew the meaning of gratitude, replied, "It is the memory of the heart."]

How dear "the memory of the heart,"
From peaceful slumbers waking,
Reviving as the early dawn,
When morning light is breaking.
A gentle smile of sympathy,
One kindly spoken word,
Will vibrate o'er the lowly soul,
Like music's melting chord.

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So when at eve a beauteous cloud
  Is in the sunbeam glowing,
A power divine of love is felt,
  Celestial radiance throwing.
From Nature's springs devotion flows
  Through realms of earth and air,
And grateful hearts harmonious breathe
  Responsive praise and prayer.

SONG.

For the Valentine Ball in Dundee.

Here's a health to St. Valentine's order so bright,
Here's a health to the friends who are met here to night,
Here's a health to the members whose absence we mourn,
May the goblet soon sparkle to hail their return.

May this night be devoted to friendship benign,
And the bright ray of mirth o'er each countenance shine;
May joy and good humour preside at our ball,
And the sweet voice of concord resound in our hall.

'Tis in meetings like these true benevolence springs,
'Tis in meetings like these that old Time gilds his wings,
Then cloud not our sunbeams of pleasure with sighs,
When in life's narrow circle such blessings arise.

Long, long may St. Valentine's banquets delight,
And bright rise the day-star of every true knight,
Our emblem the "Heart's-ease" from care proves us free,
And "Merry, aye merry," our motto shall be.

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A RHINE SONG.

Come fill me high the wreathed cup,
And let the toast be mine,
And every knight in Europe pledge,
A bumper to the Rhine.

How fragrant is the mantling cup,
A flash of the true Hochheim,
So thankfully we'll raise the song,
And celebrate the Rhine.

May every weary wight be cheered,
With gifts of the noble Rhine,
And if St. Veit must drink Tokay,
Let him find himself in wine.

The Rhine, the Rhine,
Blest be thou, the Rhine;
Thy halls be filled with beauty bright,
Thy hills clothed with the vine.

BALLAD.

Music by George Farquhar Graham, Esq.

A goodly bark from Tajo launched,
Her freight a fair ladye,
And bounding o'er the deep she seemed
A fairy ship to be.

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Her sails were of the silken web,
Her ropes the silver twine,
And music sweet the tackling made
That sped her o'er the brine.

Soft breezes fanned the ladye's hair,
And kissed her cheek—I ween
The bravest knight in Scottish land,
Blithe in their place had been.

A tear rose from her loving heart,
And melted in her e'e,
She thought upon the home she'd left,
And *one* she fain would see.

St. Andrew blew a surly blast,
As we approached his bay,
Each little wave set up its crest,
And mingled in the fray.

And tossing high their snowy manes,
So recklessly they flew,
Old Ocean heaved his troubled breast,
His face grew black and blue.

Our pilot smiled, and scoffing said
As by the helm he stood,
"There's ne'er a cloud in a' the sky,
That bodes us ought but good.

"Cheer up, cheer up thou fair ladye,
We near the buoy of Tay,

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And soon ye'll hear the rippling sounds
Of the fresh waters play.

"The sun illumes yon golden sand,
That like a breast-plate lies,
And lights the sea-bird's downy wing,
As o'er the wave she flies.

"Behold ye not yon bright array
Of noble chivalry,
The stateliest form among them a'
Is there to welcome thee."

Impetuously the princely youth
Has plunged him in the tide,
And breasting o'er the rolling flood,
Has gained the vessel's side.

'T was joy to hear the hearty cheers,
From loyal crowds ascend;
And joy to see two loving souls,
In one blest feeling blend.

How merrily the bells did sing,
The bells of brave Dundee,
The old gray tower gave out a peal
That shook her sides wi' glee.

Wild echoes caught the joyful sounds,
And tossed them here and there,
On every hill a bonfire blazed,
To greet the happy pair.

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BALLAD.

Music by George Farquhar Graham, Esq.

Are ye come through Glenista's wilds,
And past the Reekie Linn?
Or strayed ye where the Melgum speeds
Fair Isla's wave to win?
Where bounding from the parent fount,
Earth's bars aside he flings,
And brattling over bank and brae,
O'er Kenny's rocks he springs.*

Now see ye where these waters meet,
In Airlie's woods sae green,
And how they linger in their course
Through this enchanting scene;
Where floods of living melody
Come pouring from the trees,
To blend in all the harmonies
That float upon the breeze.

The Chief has gane to stalk the deer,
The red deer and the rae;
And where the eagle makes her nest,
He fearlessly will gae.
The Lady watches from her tower,
The chivalry so brave,
And bending sees her ain sweet face
Reflected in the wave.

* The Melgum bounds over a ledge of rocks called the "Loups of Kenny," and joins the Isla at Airlie Castle.

Digitized by Google

Her mouth is like the fresh red rose,
Just opening to the day;
The pure, pure love of woman's soul,
Doth o'er her features play.
"Bring, bring to me my silken gown,
And fetch my pearlings rare,"
For sure she thinks, in her lord's een
Nane shall wi' her compare.

She's buskit weel her ringlet's fair,
Up wi' a gowden kame,
And to the castle gate she's down,
To welcome her lord hame.
He's pressed her to his loving heart,
And o'er and o'er again,
He's blest the day, the hour, that made
This peerless flower his ain.

[The lady of this ballad was Clementine, Countess of Airlie, the late Earl's first wife, remarkable for her beauty and amiable disposition.]

WHITE IS THE SNOWFLAKE.

Oh! white is the snowflake that falls on the mountain,
Ere the breath of this world hath sullied its pride,
And clear is the wave where it breaks from the fountain,
Ere the touch of the earth hath polluted its tide,
And fair was existence ere sin threw a blight,
For the Spirit came pure from the Author of Light.

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Lo! the fairest of flowers shall be nipped in their bloom,
All their beauty and loveliness strewed on the ground,
And the dearest of ties shall be hid by the tomb,
While the mildew of death sheds its poison around.
But the "Day-spring on High" beams bright o'er the grave,
For the *Word* of Jehovah is mighty to save.

He hath trampled on death, he hath conquered the foe,
All the strongholds of darkness asunder are riven;
He hath laid all the hosts of the enemy low,
And restored to mankind the lost image of Heaven.
He is gone to prepare for the faithful a place,
And the Comforter's sent to the whole human race.

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